

Miscellanea Sacra :
O R,
A CURIOUS COLLECTION of
ORIGINAL
P O E M S,
U P O N
Divine and Moral Subjects.

Collected from the Works of Several pious Persons.

THE SECOND EDITION with ADDITIONS.

*If once our Minds were fix'd on Joys above,
The Troubles of this World would easie prove;
But if Contentment be a Stranger, then
We'll ne'er seek for it but in Heav'n again.*

*A Verse may take him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

HERBERT.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BROTHERTON; at the Bible, next
the Fleece-Tavern, in Cornhill. M.DCC.XXXII.

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A
 MISCELLANY
 OF
POEMS,
 UPON
 Divine and Moral SUBJECTS.

A PENITENTIAL Hymn.

*Written by Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS,
 on his Death-Bed, in Ireland.*



O Thee, good God, at last, tho' late,
 I turn :

Not for my Sickness, but my Sins
 I mourn :

For all my Crimes thy Mercies I implore :
 And to those Mercies thou hast shewn before
 Add, God, the Grace that I may Sin no more. }

A 2

I beg

I beg Thy Goodness to prolong my Breath,
 And give me Life, but to prepare for Death.
 Pardon, O pardon my Transgressions past !
 Lord, I repent ; make my Repentance last :
 Let me again this mortal Race begin ;
 Let me Live on, but not Live on to Sin :
 Which if Thy heav'nly Wisdom finds unfit,
Thy Will be done, I willingly submit.
 But let thy sov'reign Mercy bear the Sway ; }
 Let Justice take the Flaming Sword away, }
 Or Man will ne'er abide the dreadful Day. }
 O ! by the Cross and Passion of Thy Son,
 Whose sacred Death the Life of Man begun ;
 By that dear Blood which my Redemption
 cost,

And by the Coming of the Holy Ghost,
 Deliver us from all the Woes to come,
 In th' Hour of Death, and in the day of Doom.

On the Blessed TRINITY.

By Sir JOHN CROFTS, Knight.

To GOD the FATHER.

THOU, *God the Father* hid from mortal Sight,
That cloath'st Thy Self with everlasting
Light;

Thou King Eternal, with thy quick'ning Rays
Give Life to my dead Soul; clear all my Days
With thy bright Presence; my weak Spirits fill
With Pow'r, not subject to the *Tempter's* Will.
Give me a filial, not a servile Fear.

Let ev'ry *Sin* be ransom'd with a Tear.

Forbid me to despair or to presume,

Lest Fear or Rashness my best Hopes consume.

And when my Body in the Grave shall rest,
May my cleans'd Soul in *Martyr's Robes* be drest.

To GOD the SON.

THOU, *God the Son*, Fountain of endless Rest,
With whose rare Birth a *Virgin's Womb*
was blest;

Thou

Thou *Prince of Peace*, restore me with thy Blood,
 And wash my Stains in that pure crimson
 Flood ;
 My deep-dy'd Soul make white as new-fall'n
 Snow,
 With those mixt Streams which from thy Side
 did flow ;
 Let those sharp *Nails* that pierc'd thy *Hands*
 and *Feet*,
 Thy *Crown of Thorns* in my Redemption meet.
 My *Sins* are all by Imputation thine ;
 Thy Suff'rings too are by Translation mine ;
 Then let thy *Passion*, *Death* and *Burial* be
 Pledges of everlasting *Life* to me.

To GOD the HOLY GHOST.

THOU, *God the Holy-Ghost*, that spread'st thy
 Wings
 O'er wounded Spirits, bathe me in the Springs
 Of thy diffusive Joys ; and still impart
 Fresh Oyl of *Gilead* to my bleeding Heart.
 When I am folded in the Arms of *Death*,
 Let fall thy Dew on my Expiring Breath :
 Let not a Doubt of one uncancell'd Sin
 Dare to disturb my sweet Repose within :

All

All Clouds of Fear let thy bright Beams dispel,
 That in my Thoughts a Calm serene may dwell:
 So shall my *Rock of Faith* unshaken stand
 In full Assurance of the promis'd Land.

Considerations on the 88 Psalm.

By Mr. PRIOR.

HEavy, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lye,
 And curs'd I am, for God neglects my Cry.

O Lord, in Darkness and Despair I groan;
 And ev'ry Place is Hell; for God is gone.

O Lord, arise, and let thy Beams controul
 Those horrid Clouds that press my frighted
 Soul:

O rise, and save me from eternal Night,
 Thou that art the *God of Light*.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd Place;
 There None obtain thy Aid, None sing thy
 Praise.

Soon I shall lye in Death's deep Ocean drown'd:
 Is *Mercy* there? Is sweet *Forgiveness* found?
 O! save me yet, whilst on the Brink I stand;
 Rebuke the Storm, and set me safe on Land.

O!

O! make my Longings and hy Mercy sure,
Thou that art the *God of Pow'r*.

Behold, the wearied *Prodigal* is come
To Thee, his Hope, his Harbour, and his Home:
No Father he could find, no Friend abroad ;
Depriv'd of Joy and destitute of God.
O, let thy Terrors and his Anguish end.
Be thou his *Father*, and be thou his Friend :
Receive the *Son* thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the *God of Love*.

A HYMN for GOOD-FRIDAY.

By W. STROUD, D. D.

SEE, sinful Soul, thy Saviour's Suff'ring ; see
His Hands and Feet fixt to the fatal Tree.
Observe what Rivulets of Blood stream forth
His painful pierced Side ; each Drop more
worth
Than Tongues of Men or Angels can express:
Haste to him cursed Caitiff, and confess
All thy Mis-deeds ; and sighing say, 'Twas I
That caus'd Thee thus, my Lord, my Christ, to
die.

O!

O, let thy Death secure my Soul from Fears,
And I will wash thy Wounds with Floods of
Tears.

Grant me, sweet J E S U, from thy precious
Store

One cleansing Drop, with Grace to sin no more.

Veni Creator Spiritus, &c. *Paraphras'd*
by Mr. DRYDEN.

*C*reator Spirit, by whose Aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come, visit ev'ry pious Mind;
Come, pour thy Joys on Humane Kind:
From Sin and Sorrow set us free,
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete*!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred *Unction* bring,
To sanctifie us, while we sing.

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy Sev'n-fold Energy!

B

Thou

Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth com-
mand :

Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Who do'st the Gift of *Tongues* dispense,
And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence! }

Refine and purge our Earthly Parts ;
But oh! inflame and fire our Hearts!
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul ;
Subdue the Senses to the Soul :
And when Rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy Hand, and hold them down.

Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe,
And *Peace*, the Fruit of *Love*, bestow :
And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,
Protect and guide us in the Way.

Make us eternal Truths receive,
And practice all that we believe :
Give us thy self, that we may see
The *Father* and the *Son*, by Thee.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame
Attend th' *Almighty Father's* Name :
The *Saviour-Son* be glorify'd,
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :

And

And equal Adoration be,
Eternal *Paraclete*, to Thee.

A Penitential Hymn, by Bp. KING.

HEarken, O God, unto a Wretches Cries,
Who low dejected at thy Footstool lies :
Let not the Clamour of my heinous Sin
Drown my Requests, which strive to enter in
At those bright Gates, which always open stand
To Such as beg Remission at thy Hand.

Too well I know, if Thou in Rigour deal,
I cannot Pardon ask, nor yet appeal:
To my hoarse Voice Heav'n will no Audience
grant ;
But deaf as Brass, and hard as Adamant,
Beat back my Words; therefore I bring to
Thee

A gracious Advocate to plead for me.

What tho' my leprous Soul no *Jordan* can
Recure, nor Floods of the lov'd Ocean
Make clean, yet from my Saviour's bleeding
Side

Two large and medicable Rivers glide.

Lord, wash me where those Streams of Life
abound,

And new BETHESDAS flow from ev'ry Wound.

If I this blest Ablution may obtain,

I shall not then despair for any Stain;

Shall need no *Gilead's* Balm, nor Oyl, nor shall

I for the purifying Hyssop call :

My Spots will vanish in his purple Flood,

And Crimson there turn White, tho' wash'd
with Blood.

A Prospect of Death.

O The vast Change from Life to Death!
From Breathing unto Want of Breath;
From World and Light, and Sense of Seeing,
To Shades and Darkness, and no *Being*;
From Heat and Motion, since your Birth
Till now, to a cold Lump of Earth;
From dainty Fare and gaudy Dress,
To Flannel-Cloaths and Rotteness;
From Hoarded Riches, Friends and Pride,
And all your Worldly Joys beside
You go, to try a new and doubtful State;
This, This, O Mortal, is thy certain Fate.

The

The Repenting Sinner.

By *Mr. SAM. PHILLIPS*, ^{Worshipful} *late of*
St. John's Coll. Oxon.

BEhold, O Lord, the wretched State I'm in,
 And free me from this *Labyrinth* of Sin.
 My poor stray'd *Soul* does for her *Errours*
 mourn,

And wou'd (but O too late!) to Thee return.
 In vain, alas! She seeks the *Path* to find,
 So intricate the false *Meanders* wind;
 Doubtful she stops, and fears to venture on,
 Lest she shou'd farther tow'rds *Destruction*
 run;

For many lead astray, but only One
 That must conduct th' unhappy *Wand'rer* home.
 Sweet *Jesu*, grant her thy blest *Clue* to see,
 To lead her hence, and guide her *Steps* to thee.
 Refuse not her *Repentance*, tho' so late!
 'Tis greater to *Redeem* than to *Create*.

A Midnight HYMN, by Bp. KEN.

Lord, now my Sleep does me forsake,
The sole Possession of me take:
Let no vain Fancy me illude;
No one impure Desire intrude.

Blest Angels! while we silent lie,
You Hallelujahs sing on high;
You, ever wakeful near the Throne,
Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

I now awake, do with you joyn,
To praise our God in Hymns Divine:
With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.

My Soul, when I shake off this Dust,
Lord, in thy Arms I will entrust.
O make me thy peculiar Care;
Some heav'nly Mansion me prepare.

Give me a Place at thy Saints Feet,
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant Seat:
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my Hand.
May I in Sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Glory to thee, in Light array'd,
Who Light thy dwelling-Place hast made.
An immense Ocean of bright Beams
From thy All-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun, in its Meridian-Height,
Is very Darkness in thy Sight :
My Soul, O lighten, and enflame
With Thought and Love of thy great Name.

Blest *Jesu*, thou, on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent;
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My Soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of Antidating Heav'n below,
In sacred Hymns, and divine Love,
Which will Eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new Life impart ;
Fresh Ardours kindle in my Heart ;

One Ray of thy All-quick'ning Light
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

Lord, lest the Tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own Sacrifice.
All loose, all idle Thoughts cast out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow;
Praise him all Creatures here below;
Praise him above y' Angelick Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

A Morning HYMN.

I.

WHat Praise, what Thanks to Thee, my
God, are due,
Who hast this Night preserv'd me from all Ill!
O, may I with this Morning-Light renew
My broken Vows, and from this Time
Abandon ev'ry Sin and Crime;
And study Nothing but thy heav'nly Will.

Sin, like an envious Cloud, obscur'd my Day,
 And would have hid me in eternal Night;
 But Thou, dear Lord, with one celestial Ray
 A sweet Intelligence dost give,
 That I am Thine, and I shall live
 To Dwell for ever in thy glorious Light.

Hallelujah

A HYMN to the Morning.

By N. INGELD, D. D.

Good God! how dull a Thing am I, to make
 Nights of this tedious Length; when
 Such awake
 Who need more Sleep than I, and rise by
 Night,
 Whose Work will scarce pay for their Candle-
 Light!
 Is Death so lovely grown, that I shou'd court
 His drowie Image in this sleepy Sort?
 What Pleasure is't for Half my Time to be
 In cloudy Mists lost to my self and Thee?

C

The

The chearful Birds, with early Notes begun,
 Sing *Jo Pœans* to the rising Sun ;
 And all the Flow'rs lift up their nodding
 Heads,
 And spread their Leaves upon their fragrant
 Beds,
 And deck themselves with all their Pride to
 give
 Welcome to those bright Fires which make
 'em live.

But I lie still detain'd in sluggish Dreams,
 Tho' thou art up, and with thy active Beams
 Upbraid'st my Sloth: Nay, thou dost never set,
 But upon Sinners, and such as forget
 Why they have Eyes. Great Sun, thy out-
 spread Ray,
 Chasing the Shades, doth make a constant Day ;
 And with its Vigour all dark Powers controls,
 And shines at *Midnight* upon watchful Souls.
 Lord, since thy Lustres by this earthen Ball
 Are intercepted, and I in a Wall
 Of Mud shut up, and those gross Fumes that
 rise
 From this foul Dungeon cloud my feeble Eyes;
 Tear

Tear this thick Curtain, and restore my Sight;
Transport me to the Regions of Light,
Where Nothing comes from whence a Cloud
may grow;
Where blessed Visions *Light* and *Eyes* bestow;
Where holy Souls eternal Watches keep,
Advanc'd above Earth, Sin, dark Night and
Sleep.

A short Hymn, by N. INGELÖ, D. D.

WE bleſs Thee, God, the Father of us all,
And celebrate the World's Original.
The Heav'n and Earth, made and reſtor'd by
Thee,
Join Praiſes in a grateful Harmony.
Accept our thankful Hymn, tho' ſuch poor
Lays
Fall infinitely ſhort of worthy Praise.
And ſince, great Source of Being, we can never
Praise Thee enough, we'll ſing and praife Thee
ever.

*To the Memory of E. M. an eminent Di-
vine lately deceas'd.*

A Pindarick ODE.

I.

A Mourning Friend invites a mourning
Muse,

To tell the Melancholly News,
And cloath her self with fable Weeds,
Such as will shew her Heart with Sorrow
bleeds ;

With Grief she can't express
But in soft melting Verse,
That still and silent rouls, as the dark Night,
In which he vanish'd from our Sight,
To mount the Regions of eternal Light.

2.

Come hither, friendly Muse, and tell
How this good Prophet fell
That always liv'd so well.
What sawcy Messenger durst strike the Blow
Of fatal Death,
And seize his Breath
Who always was in Readiness to go ?

Cou'd

Cou'd not his Piety command
This cruel God to stand,
And stop the Pressure of his leaden Hand,

3.

Alas, he's cold! Oh, for a Grave
To bury the sad Tale!
For Tears cannot prevail
Where Goodness cou'd not save!
Learning we boast in vain;
A Grave is all we gain,
For a Life spent in Study and in Pain:
Wretched Mortality!
Cou'dst thou thy self but see,
Thou wou'd'st hate Death as we love Thee.

4.

But why do I expostulate,
Since Sorrow comes too late
To hinder his, but hasten our own Fate?
Of what strange Atoms are we made,
That we of Death shou'd be afraid,
That's but a quiet, cool, refreshing Shade?
That we shou'd fear to mix with Earth,
Our Parent-Clay that gave us Birth?

But still, methinks, there's Horror there ;
 Something I have, but know not what, to fear ;
 The Grave's a solitary Place,
 Where Life ne'er shows its Face ;
 But is hung round with deep Despair :
 There all the Furies dwell,
 For the dark Grave is Hell :
 And what is done below, none here can tell.

6.

How fond of Life is vain Mankind !
 Who all those Joys pursue
 That seem to make it new,
 Because they can no other Pleasure find.
 But thou, my Friend, didst higher go,
 Resolv'd sublimer Things to know,
 Wing'd Heav'n, and left us here below :
 For Earth was all too little for thy Mind,
 And thou to all its trifling Pleasures blind.

*A short Contemplation on the Joys of Heav'n,
by Mr. E. TAYLOR, late of Magdalen
Colledge Oxon. And admirably Set by
Mr. J. CLARK.*

Blest be those sweet Regions where
Eternal Peace and Musick are :
That solid Calm, and that bright Day,
Where brighter Angels sing and play.
We here a ruffled World endure,
Never easie, ne'er secure.
Blest be those Souls that dwell above
In Extacies of mutual Love.

Upon Divine Musick, by Mr. GOLD.

MUSICK, what art thou? From what
Causes dost thou spring?
O Thou Divine Mysterious Thing!
Let me but know, and knowing give me
Voice to sing.

Art Thou the Warmth in Spring that Zephyre
breathes,
Painting the Meads, and whistling through
the Leaves?

The

The happy *Season* that all Grief exiles,
 When God is pleas'd, and the Creation smiles?
 Or art thou *Love*, that Mind to Mind imparts,
 The endless Concord of agreeing Hearts?
 Or art thou *Friendship*, yet a nobler Flame,
 That can a dearer Way make Souls the same?
 Or art Thou rather *what* does all transcend,
 The Centre where at last the Blest ascend,
 The Seat where *Hallelujahs* never end?
 Corporeal Eyes won't clearly let us see;
 But either Thou art *Heav'n*, or *Heav'n's* Throne

The Triumphs of DEATH.

By Mr. JAMES SHERLEY.

THE Glories of our Birth and State
 Are Shadows, not substantial Things:
 There is no *Armour* 'gainst our Fate,
 Death lays his Icy-Hands on Kings:
 Scepter and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the Dust be equal laid
 With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And plant fresh Lawrels where they kill'd;
But their strong Nerves at last must yield:
They tame but one another still.

Early or late
They bend to Fate,
And must give up their murm'ring Breath,
While the pale Captives creep to Death.

The Garland withers on your Brow;
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds.
Upon Death's purple Altar now
See where the *Victor*-Victim bleeds.

All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb.
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the Dust.

*Upon Zacchæus climbing up a Tree to see
our Saviour pass by.*

Well Step'd Zacchæus: 'twas a Step well
giv'n,
From Earth to th' Tree, and from the Tree to
Heav'n.

D

Time

Time to be preferr'd before Wealth.

THE Loss of *Wealth* I much lament,
But more, that *Time* decays:
For *Wealth* may be regain'd that's spent,
But never *Length* of Days.

*Under the Picture of an Infant laid ou.
Dead on a Table, with a Death's
Head and a Rose-Bud by it.*

FIX this rare *Emblem* on thy Closet-Door,
And be in Love with *Vanity* no more.
Death is a *Haven* to which all Winds drive,
And where at last each *Mortal* must arrive.
Be therefore wise, that when thy *Corps* shall li
At *Anchor* thus, thy *Soul* may mount on high.

Man's Misery, written by Bp. KING.

ILL-busi'd *Man*, why shou'dst thou take such
To lengthen out thy *Life's* short *Kalendar*?

When e'ry Spectacle thou look'st upon
 Presents and acts thy Execution.
 Each drooping *Season*, e'ry *Flow'r* doth cry,
 Fool, as *I fade and wither*, *Thou must die*.
 The Beating of thy *Pulse*, when thou art well,
 Is just the Tolling of thy *Passing-Bell*.
 Night is thy *Hearse*, whose sable Canopy
 Covers alike deceased Day and Thee :
 And all those weeping Dew's which nightly
 fall,
 Are but as *Tears* shed for thy *Funeral*.

An Evening HYMN.

Sleep, downy Sleep, come close my Eyes,
 Tir'd with beholding *Vanities* ;
 Welcome, sweet Sleep, that driv'st away
 The Toils and Follies of the Day.

2.
 On thy soft Bosom will I lie,
 Forget the World, and learn to die.
 O, *Israel's* watchful Shepherd, spread
 Tents of *Angels* round my Bed.

3.

Let not the *Spirits* of the Air,
Whilst I slumber, me ensnare ;
But guard thy Suppliant free from Harms,
Clasp'd in thine everlasting Arms.

4.

Clouds and thick Darkness are thy Throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion :
O, dart from thence a shining Ray,
And then my *Midnight* shall be Day.

5.

Thus when the Morn, in *Crimson* drest,
Breaks through the Windows of the East,
Hymns of thankful *Praise* shall rise,
Like *Incense* on the *Morning-Sacrifice*.

*A Consolation for the sudden Death
of a Friend.*

Short is our *Life*, but longer is our *Rest* ;
God takes Those soonest, whom he loveth
best ;
For he that lives to Day, and dies to *Morrow*;
Looses some *Days* of *Life*, but *Years* of *Sorrow* :
Man's

*Man's Life, by Dr. CORBET, Bishop
of Norwich.*

WHat is our *Life* : a *Play* of *Passion*.
Our *Mirth*? the *Musick* of *Diversion*.
Our Mother's Wombs the *Tyring Houses* be,
Where we are *Dress'd* for *Life's short Comedy*.
Earth is our *Stage*, Heav'n our *Spectator* is,
Who sits and views whoe'er doth *Act* amiss.
Our Graves, that hide us from the *Scorching*
Sun,
Are like *drawn Curtains* when the *Play* is done.
Thus *Playing* run we to our latest *Rest*,
Where we all *Dye* in earnest, not in *Jest*.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 15.

Who shall dwell in thy Tabernacle?

1.

Great God, who art without *Compare*;
Whose *Essence* Time nor Place can com-
prehend,

On thine high Love and in thy Fear
How fain would I the following Winters spend?

2.

2.
 Within thy *Temple* there are Joys
 Not taken Notice of by Carnal Eyes ;
 Wherein who well his Mind employs,
 Is ty'd to Sweets, chain'd to Felicities.

3.
 My Heart stands trembling at thy Door ;
 Lord, let an humble *Publican* come in :
 A miserable Wretch before !
 But now he smites his Breast, the *Shop* of Sin.

4.
 What Sights I in thy *Temple* see,
 Ev'n such as ravish'd *Paul* could ne'er express !
 What Treasures of Felicity,
 What Seas, what Gulphs of Thought-trans-
 cending *Bliss* !

5.
 And whose are These ? *Man's* ? sure not so :
 What ? Can a Worm possess such Heav'nly
 Things ?

Can Dust, the Sport of Winds that blow,
 Subject to Death, reign with the *King of Kings* ?

6.
 He, all whose Deeds still righteous are,
 That never paints his Actions with false Art ;
 Who loves not only to speak fair,
 But what he speaks, means fairly in his Heart.

7.

Who never makes a Trap of's Tongue
To catch th'Unwary, or the Innocent;
Who never doth his Neighbour Wrong,
Or, if he does, sincerely doth repent.

8.

Tho' Others prize him, in's own Eyes
His best Performances seem mean and base:
Yet when in Others Good he spies,
He honours and excites them more with Praise

9.

Who having pass'd his Word, is sure
Is ready to perform his Promise still:
And, tho' a Looser, rests secure:
For he no Loss esteems like *Doing ill*.

10.

Who alters not, for Bribes, or Threats,
The settled Temper of his constant Mind,
But vertuous Actions still repeats:
This Man, and only this, these Joys shall find.

Against Uneasiness in Trouble.

IMpatient Man! why do I grieve and mourn?
Either I shall have Comfort, or have None;
If

If Hopes, what Reason have I to complain?
If none, my Grief is fruitless and in vain.

The Last Account.

How blithe, secure, and brisk and gay
Doth *Pride* and *Folly* seem?
They find no Rubs to stop their Way,
And think no Cloud will close their Day :
But All's a Golden Dream.

2.

Is there a God, do you suppose,
Proud Scandals of the Earth?
Yes, there's a God, you'll find, that knows
The *Machinations* of his Foes,
And will disturb your Mirth.

3.

Tho' up to Heav'n itself you fly,
To 'scape his angry Mind ;
Or in the Ocean's Depth do lie,
You're not too low, nor yet too high,
For his just Hand to find.

4.

Go then a while and sport it here,
If you will needs be Mad :

But

But, after all, it will appear,
 How justly you that *God* will fear,
 Whose *Fear* you never had.

The last Day of Death and Judgment.

1.

Great Judge, when *Death* and *Time* their
 Trumpets sound,
 And raise our sluggish Bodies from the Ground;
 When trembling Souls shall stand before thy
 Throne,
 And all their Sins shall unto *All* be known,
 What shall I do, what shall I speak or say,
 T'excuse myself upon that dreadful Day?

2.

Can the World, Flesh, or Dev'l then plead my
 Cause?
 No, They, and I thro' them, have broke thy
 Laws.
 Or will some *Saint* befriend me with his
 Tongue?
Saints then will hate me, 'cause I've done Thee
 Wrong.
 Or shall I then presume, my Eloquence,
 Or Verse, will quit me from my Life's Offence?

E

3.

3.

No, *Horror* then the proudest Tongue will tie;
 And *Conscience*, louder than my Voice, will cry:
 What shall I then devise to do, or say,
 T' excuse my self upon that dreadful Day?
 I'll say, my God, my God, that gav'st me Grace,
 My Father, O do thou my Sins deface.

4.

Tho late I heard thy Call; on Earth I found
 Thy *Judgment's* Trumpet in mine Ears did
 found.

Then I my *Resurrection* had; 'twas then
 I left the Grave of Sin, that loathsome Den:
 Trembling before thee then my *Soul* did stand,
 Till thou didst raise me with thy *Royal Hand*.

5.

Thou great *Abasuerus*, thou didst hold
 Thy Scepter forth of Mercy, not of Gold.
 Thou gav'st me Life: Not that I ought could
 claim,

But only for the Sake of thy great Name.
 Behold thy *Son*; on Him my Hopes rely.
 Say, blessed *Jesu*, didst not for me die?

6.

Oh gracious Lord! behold, thou do'st confess,
 I'm one of thine, tho' much I did transgress.

But

But since, at last, I heard thy gracious Voice,
For ever in thy Mercy I'll rejoice.
If thou thy self, O Lord, my Cause will plead,
'Twill be a Day of Life to me indeed.

The Storm, by Mr. SAM. PHILLIPS.

1.

Great God! when arm'd with Thunder
you prepare
To send your Voice and Lightning thro' the
Air,

The melting Clouds drop down upon our
Head :

And when we hear th' amazing Sound,
And see the Lightning sweep along the
Ground,

Ev'n those that love Thee do those Wonders
dread.

2.

Poor frighten'd *Beasts* about for Shelter fly,
But finding none aloud for Horror cry,

And trembling stand before the *Lord of All*;

But where a *Conscience* thunders too,

And *Blushes* seem thy Lightnings to outdo,
What ghastly Terrours on such Sinners fall!

3.

Yet after all these dreadful Storms and Rain,
The quicken'd Earth is soon reviv'd again ;
The sprouting Grass resumes a verdant Hue;
The Sun presents a smiling Face ;
And purple Clouds appear with greater
Grace ;
And Nature faded Pleasures does renew.

4.

Thus while against weak *Man*, the little
World,
For Sin, thy Thunderbolts of Wrath are hurl'd,
And fiery Flashes of a Guilty Mind ;
His short-liv'd *Pleasures* hang their Head;
His momentary *Joy*s are all decay'd,
And trembling Thoughts (those Beasts) no
Shelter find.

5.

His cloudy Brows dissolve in Show'rs of Tears;
Deep Sighs, like Hail-stones, rattle in his Ears;
The Heart, that *lofty Mountain*, then does
quake ;
That Mind, which Nothing cou'd subdue,
Totters and reels, not knowing what to do:
And the *firm Basis* of his Soul does shake.

6.

But after all thy raging Storms are gone,
 Thy Grace appears, like the returning Sun,
 And glads our Soul, and all our Sorrow dries;
 Then the cheer'd *Conscience* drops her
 Fears;
 The Heart reviving smiles, and no more
 fears;
 But Streams of Joy gush from those Clouds,
 our Eyes.

7.

If, Lord, without such Tempests, thou dost see,
 My barren *Soul* will never fruitful be;
 Neither thy *Lightnings*, *Rain* nor *Thunder*
 spare;
 For if they will such *Fruits* produce,
 Why should the *Garden* of my Soul refuse
 Thy Dressing; since 'tis given to thy *Care*?

The devout Scholar.

I.

When I do with my self devise
 To write some *Learned Exercise*,
 My Study most on God relies.

2.

Perhaps, I read a Book or two
With Care, as Scholars ought to do :
And of my Thoughts I take a View.

3.

But when I've took this honest Care,
Upon my Knees I strait repair
To God, and ask his Help in Pray'r.

4.

Thence to my Study I proceed :
No other Help at all I need :
The Work is done with *Ease* and *Speed*.

5.

O *Scholars*, wou'd you learn this Way,
You wou'd not study *Night* and *Day*,
But sometimes study, sometimes pray.

6.

The richest *Wit*, that e'er was known,
Derived is from God alone,
And for its Author *Him* doth own.

7.

If this be plain, who wou'd despair,
When he had gain'd *God's Love* by Pray'r,
To shew both equal *Wit* and *Care* ?

8.

This is the Way, and only This :
Keep close to God, you cannot miss
Either of *Learning* or of *Bliss*.

The

The Wish, by Mr. SAM. PHILLIPS.

1.
LOrd, vouchsafe thy gracious Aid,
 T'assist me in this fearful Strife:
 Of my poor *Soul* I am afraid:
 To save my *Soul* I'd lose my *Life*.

2.
 Make me *Fortune's* sporting Ball;
 Bless me to my greater Grief;
 Never hear me when I call;
 Only send my *Soul* Relief.

3.
 Make my *Friends* my deadly *Foes*;
 Let m' each Hour new Sorrows meet:
 Mix with bitt'rest Gall my Woes;
 Only to my *Soul* be Sweet.

4.
 Rather than fail of *Heav'nly* Bliss,
 Do thou all *Worldly* Hopes destroy.
 May I all other *Comforts* miss,
 So I at last my God enjoy.

The Wish of H. P.

DEAR JESUS,

WHen Death from Earthly Troubles sets me free,
 How will my *Soul* rejoice to be with Thee!
 Admit me some low Place in thy blest Choir,
 Where, tho' I may not Sing, I may admire.

A HYMN

A HYMN,
TO THE
SAVIOUR of MANKIND.

O ! Mirrour of my Life and Days,
 Whilst here I live I will thee praise ;
 And when in Dust my Body lies,
 My Soul shall chant above the Skies,
 Until that bright and joyful Day,
 When thou unto each Saint shalt say,
 Come, my Beloved, hear my Voice,
 My dear Beloved, and rejoice :
 See, here's a Crown which I have kept,
 Whilst in the Grave your Body slept ;
 For you and all the blessed Seed,
 For which on Earth I once did bleed.
 This is a Crown which ne'er shall fade ;
 A Crown which I the Lord have made ;
 A Crown that ravish will the Breast
 With Joys that cannot be exprest ;
 A Crown that will out-shine the Sun ;
 And shining never shall have done,

But

But bright and sparkling still shall be,
 And new through all ETERNITY.
 This is a Crown, a Crown indeed;
 For such a Crown who would not speed?
 All other Crowns are worth no Strife
 Compared with this ^{the} Crown of Life.
 O, may this Crown incircle me,
 I humbly beg on bended Knee,
 Of thee, my blessed Lord above,
 Who thus thy Saints dost dearly love.
 And welcome be that happy Day,
 Which unknown Glories shall display,
 To all the blessed Saints; and then
 Of those may I be one. AMEN.

By J. L.

Upon DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

*Commit thy Ways unto the Lord, trust also in
 him, and he shall bring it to pass.*

I.

Commit thy Ways and Goings,
 And All that grieves thy Soul,
 To him, whose wisest Doings
 Rule all without Controul:

F

He

He makes the Times and Seasons
Revolve from Year to Year,
And knows Ways, Means, and Reasons,
When Help shall best appear.

2.

Unto the Lord turn wholly,
For he will never fail
To rescue thee from Folly,
If thou dost but bewail
Thy stiff-neck'd Self-Reliance ;
Shake off that Yoke of Hell,
Which ever bids Defiance
To him that governs well.

3.

Trust also in him ever,
Without reluctant Will :
His Promises will never
Once come behind thy Zeal.
His Goodness knows no Measure,
His Love and Care no End,
For such as wait with Pleasure
Till he Salvation send.

4. And

3.

And he shall surely lighten
The Sorrows on thy Heart,
And with his Glory brighten
Thy darken'd inward Part.
When thou his great Salvation
With wond'ring Eyes shalt see,
Thou'lt say, without Cessation,
He loves and cares for Thee.

5.

Bring it to pass, O Blessed
Above what Words can tell :
And see us all released
From Sin and Death and Hell.
Direct us, O most Holy,
In the blest heav'nly Way,
That leads through this dark Valley
To everlasting Day.

Of Hell and Eternal Torment.

1.

Eternity ! tremendous Word,
Home-striking Point, Heart - piercing
Beginning without Ending ! (Sword,
Eternity !

Eternity! without a Shore,
Where ever-fiery Billows roar,
What is thy Sight portending?
One Glimpse of thine unfathom'd Deep
Wou'd rouse a Wretch from sinful Sleep.

2.

What Pain was ever thought so great,
That must not with the Time abate,
And lose its utmost Rigour?

Eternity does never cease,
Admits no Manner of Release,
But keeps its constant Vigour:
Or, as our SAVIOUR'S Words express,
Eternity has no Redress.

3.

Eternity! how long, how long,
Thou seizest Senses, Heart and Tongue
With pannick Fear and Terrour!
When I revolve thy dreadful Chains
In that Abyss of endless Pains,

I'm overwhelm'd with Horrour,
What's in this Life of Misery
So frightful as Eternity?

4.

Shou'd Hell endure as many Years,
As many Men this World of Tears
Has seen from the Creation;

As

As many Stars adorn the Sky,
As many Leaves the Woods supply,
You'd hope for its Cessation.
This Sum of Ages wou'd but be
One Moment to Eternity.

5.
But having spent in endless Fears
So many Thousand Thousand Years,
Thy Scene is still beginning ;
When thou hast suffer'd all these Times
The just Reward of wilful Crimes,
Thy Thread ne'er ceases spinning.
Th'eternal Now, who can unfold ?
'Tis ever new, but never old.

6.
O Lord, how is thy Sentence just,
In leaving Man, that Rebel-Dust,
To his deserv'd Damnation !
Short wilful Crimes committed here
With long Remorse are punish'd there.
O Woe beyond Relation !
Weigh this, thou harden'd Heart and Face ;
Thy Time is short, Death comes apace.

7.
Hast thou yet Sense ? avoid the Snare ;
Thy Pleasures fleeting Moments are,
That dye as fast as tasted ;

These

These, at the Hazard of thy Soul,
Dost thou pursue without Controul,
And see'st thy Minutes wasted?
Thou senseless Wretch, thou matchless Fool
Thou laugh'st and art the Devil's Tool.

8.

As long as God eternal reigns,
And his Almighty Sway retains,
Hell-Torment will be lasting;
They shall be plagu'd with Cold and Heat,
Thirst, Hunger: Fire shall be their Mear,
Their Worm is never wasting;
And this unequal'd Misery
Won't end till God shall cease to be.

9.

Awake and rise from sinful Sleep:
Bethink thy self, thou straying Sheep:
Return by true Repentance:
Arise, thy wicked Ways amend;
The Glass of Life runs to its End;
Then shiver at thy Sentence;
Perhaps within few Minutes Breath
Thou'rt snatch'd away by sudden Death.

10.

Let neither worldly Gain nor Lust,
Ambition, Pride, nor golden Dust
Longer enslave thy Passions;

Look

Look how the carnal Lethargy
O'er-spreads the great Majority,
Who sport with all Temptations ;
Above all Things keep in thy Sight
The 'forenam'd long eternal Night.

11.

Most Reprobate of all Mankind,
Bereft of Sense, hard-hearted, blind,
Why dost thou love the Creature ?
Shall that eternal Gulph of Hell,
Where Millions of Tormentors dwell,
Ne'er shock thy sinful Nature ?
Can then no Tongue, no Eloquence
Persuade thee to a better Sense ?

12.

Eternity ! tremendous Word,
Home-striking Point, Heart-piercing Sword,
Beginning without Ending !
Eternity without a Shore !
Where ever-fiery Billows roar,
What is thy Sight portending ?
Lord JESU, when it pleases Thee,
Bring me to blest Eternity.



*The MAXIMS of the Wise.**Worthy the Perusal of Young and Old.*

ADore the sole Creator of the World; and love him with all your Soul. Honour and be dutiful to those who brought you into the World. Give Respect to your Superiors; and obey the Laws. Do unto all Men as you would be done by. Be Humane and Civil, doing Good to all Men. Love your Kindred, and your Friends; but more especially esteem your Patron. Procure the Publick Good; respecting all good People. Keep no ill Company, but converse with those whom you wou'd most resemble. Be not Ungrateful. Occasion no Curses. Know your Self; and measure your Designs according to your Strength; spending agreeable with your Wealth, the one and the other in Reason. Weigh your Speeches. Abhor a Lyar, and the Lye; but remember, that the Truth is not to be spoken at all Times. Pardon much to Others, but Nothing to your self. Be firm, but not obstinate: if you have a Mind to change Sentiments, let it be with Reason, and not slightly. Desire what is proper. Undergo willingly what befalls you. Be the Master, and not the Slave of your Passion; let it serve to advance, but not to tye you. Fear not Death, nor wish it, but believe, that he that cares for neither Conscience nor Honour, has liv'd too long.



